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400 20th St. N. W.

## TART MEN CALMY FACE T. R. INVASION

Continued from Page One.

"From us, your men," replied the colonel, "I am about that time a big bunch of California delegates pulled up in the avenue, bearing in their center a banner which read:  
"California will not submit to a trial of a stolen property case by the thieves."  
The colonel looked at the banner and grinned.

"I California's twenty-six votes, and it is my intention that they shall be counted," he shouted. "This has come down to simply a naked fight of honesty against dishonesty, of honesty against thieves."  
The people have spoken and the politicians must learn to answer or understand. They will be made to understand that they are the servants of the rank and file of the plain citizens of the republic."

Not a Factional Fight.  
At this point the crowd elected to cheer for a few minutes, and the colonel stood back and gave them plenty of time.

"This is no factional fight," he continued, when the crowd showed a headiness to listen once more. "It is a contest between the people themselves and the perpetual politicians representing all that is worst in corrupt politics and business, and the people soon will be able to destroy corrupt politics and to conduct their business for themselves."

"We had with us in the primaries—"

"Illinois," yelled a Chicagoan from the rear ranks.

"Yes, Illinois," said the colonel, showing his teeth. "We had Illinois' fifty-five votes, and we have had those of every State where the people have expressed their will at the primaries."

"In these States we have beat them from five to one to eight to one. The people are more strongly with us now than they were at that time, and they will refuse to submit to robbery now."

"It is a naked fight against theft, and theft will not win."

Fight to Shake Hands.  
There was another prolonged cry of approval, and the colonel, bowing and swinging his hat through a circle, backed out and went to his room. It was no easy task to get back. In the corridor just outside the door through which he had passed to gain access to the balcony, there were thousands of people all determined to see him and shake his hand.

A detail of policemen, under Deputy Chief Schuster, the strong-arm man of the Chicago force, formed a line and shot him through the center of it, holding back the yelling, howling mob meanwhile.

But the best progress he could make was slow, and it took a full minute for him to move the twenty or thirty feet that he had to travel.

The crowd that went to the depot to greet the colonel had been waiting an hour in the train shed for him before the limited, which had made up an hour to get him to Chicago on time, arrived. It was not waiting. It was a mucky, bubbling mass of people, with copper-colored skin that turned black with the heat down on the heads of everybody. But the crowd was good-natured and made the best of conditions.

Meets Dixon and Revell.  
A band standing in one corner tried to set up a diversion, but the crowd knew where the real band was and refused to be lured away.

After disposing of Mrs. Roosevelt, Theodore, Jr., Mr. Theodore, Jr., little grandchild, Kermit, and Archie, the colonel met Senator Dixon and Alexander Revell, of the reception committee, and suffered them to lead him through the streets to a waiting automobile.

It was a going to the efforts of the police the crowd pressed in, demanding a speech or a handshake. They got neither. Dixon strove to tell them that both would be forthcoming in due time, but he might as well have tried to talk in a boiler factory. Everybody was doing his best to make noise. Trumpets were blowing, the band was making a racket up in its corner, and even the cries of the cabmen in the La Salle entrance could not be heard.

The colonel got into his automobile with a quick leap, other machines bearing other Roosevelt fans wheeled into line, and he got into three or four more machines, and the parade was on its way.

Little Formality Shown.  
There was little formality about it. The streets were crowded with traffic, but the traffic got out of the way. What made the trouble was the crowd. The station is some half a dozen blocks from the hotel. Every one of the blocks has a mob, and every mob has its own particular style of yelling at the colonel.

When the main entrance of the Congress was reached the crowd that had already collected there was reinforced by the crowd that had followed on from the station. They were packed solid clear across the street and for a block on either side.

The police unloaded the colonel, formed a square about him, and shot him into the lobby.

A vacant elevator awaited him and he piled in it, together with as many men as it would hold. Meanwhile the band marched on past and tried to drag a musical herring across the trail to divert the mob, but with much unsuccess.

Most of the crowd knew that the colonel had gone upstairs, and upstairs they went by elevator or on foot, men, women, and children, all of them either talking excitedly or shouting at the top of their lungs. A good many scenes of excitement have been witnessed in the classic halls of the Congress, but in the opinion of James Fackner, who has seen them all, these eclipsed anything of the kind ever attempted in the excitement line.

Makes Juliet Speech.  
Most of the mob beat the colonel to the second floor, which had been reserved for him and he had a fight on his hands when he set out for his room. He got there finally, however, drew a couple of deep breaths, and then embarked on his Juliet speech from the balcony to the thousands of admiring Romeos congregated below.

The speech done, the colonel again sought the shelter of his room and a husky attendant slammed the door in the faces of all those who tried to follow.

Among the latter were McGill McCormick and George W. Perkins, both of whom, having real money, are very welcome in all political headquarters. Perkins and McCormick had to wait ten minutes, hearing loudly on the door, before the doorkeeper would even open it. Then he peeked through, looked them over a minute or two, listened to their declarations of identity, and finally admitted them.

Crowd Finally Disperses.  
Meanwhile the general crowd was milling. They wanted to get in. They wanted to see the colonel. They were his dear friends and they must see him. At last Senator Dixon came forth.

"Gentlemen," he said, "You must wait. You must be patient. Mr. Roosevelt has had an exhausting day. He needs rest. If you are his friends you will go away and leave him alone."

So the crowd went away and hunted up Tim Woodruff to find out how soon he was going to arrive.

Downstairs a Roosevelt adherent was rubbing a sore pharynx and reviling all bores.

"What's the matter?" asked a friend.

"The matter?"

## MRS. R. E. WILLIAMS.

Continued from Page One.

"Aw, one of them there alder trombones that was playing 'Everybody's Doing It' hit me on the nose," he growled. "I'm against demonstrations."  
Will Solicit Votes.  
Col. Roosevelt will spend to-morrow and Monday in personally soliciting votes for himself. At a conference between Roosevelt and "Bill" Flinn, of Pittsburgh, to-night a list of four or five delegates in each State was submitted to Roosevelt, and he directed that they be invited to meet him. They are men whom Roosevelt believes he can induce by personal influence to desert the President. They will be told that if they will vote for Roosevelt he can be re-nominated, and that their eleventh-hour support will be rewarded.

The list submitted to Roosevelt was the result of the labors of a committee of 300, known as the "manhunters" brigade. This committee represented each State and learned the names and stopping places of all delegates who might be induced to desert the President.

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## MACK JUST THE GRANDEST HUBBY

Continued from Page One.

His Wife Says So, and So It Must Be True—Also Talks of Other Things.

BELIEVES SUFFRAGE IS BOUND TO COME SOON

Reaches Baltimore and Entertainingly Discusses Current Topics and Politics.

Baltimore, Md., June 15.—If Norman R. Mack is only half as good a man as his wife says he is, he ought to be the next President—and serve a dozen terms.

Mrs. Mack is one of the first of the women of the convention to come to Baltimore. Chatting gaily with Col. Martin, who had gone to the States and the Democratic Convention to look after the party, she was sitting in a long gray coat, with a most becoming picture hat, Mrs. Mack arrived at the Belvedere about 10 o'clock. Although she admitted that she had been in Baltimore for a few moments about conventions in the past, she was not at all conversant with the details of the present one.

"I suppose this isn't your first convention," the reporter began tentatively.

Her Exquisite Clothes.  
Mrs. Mack was removing her coat. In doing so she revealed a gown that showed plainly that the wife of the Democratic chairman knows quite as much about exquisite clothes as her husband does about Democratic politics. It was of black chiffon over a handsome lace and embroidery robe, creating with the black hat, the black pendant earrings, which she wore, her dark eyes, hair and lashes, a striking study in black and white. Unconsciously, she smoothed out the folds of her skirt, and, seating herself in an armchair, brought her finger tips together, slightly puckered her lips, and looked as serious—well, as serious as a thoroughly charming woman can look when she makes a perfectly tremendous effort.

"No, this isn't my first convention," she replied, after all preliminaries had been settled. "It will really be my third. I happened to represent New York State at the World's Fair in St. Louis and the Democratic Convention took place there the same year, so I attended the fair and the convention at the same time. Then I went to the one four years later in Denver. Before the St. Louis one, I explained, 'women didn't go much to conventions, but now they attend in large numbers.'"

Always Enjoys Herself.  
"And always have a good time," Mrs. Mack smiled as she nodded assent. "But I have a good time anywhere," she replied. "It is the social rather than the political side of the convention that appeals to us women. We meet a great many interesting people in the hotels, at dinners, and the various social functions, and the women usually become very well acquainted and form delightful friendships."

"So the women don't interest themselves in politics at all?" the reporter put in anxiously.

"Oh, yes, they do," was the quick rejoinder. "I have been interested in politics for a long time, ever since I've been married, in fact, and I guess I always shall be."

But it was when Mrs. Mack was asked whether she always agreed with her husband that she laughed long and deliciously.

"I always agree with him politically," she replied after the dimples had disappeared. "But I don't agree with him about everything else. Not always," she added. Then, lest the reporter should get the idea that all was not peace and harmony in the Mack family, she immediately added something about Mr. Roosevelt.

"I want arrangements made," he began, "for seating my sisters and my mother as delegates to the convention."

Man later, "he was as sober as a judge, and his mother and sisters have picked the man they want for President. All of us have taken a special course in political divination. Do you understand?"

"I have you fine," Quinn returned gravely. "You had better see Mr. Robert Crain in his office at Bayview."

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## THE LIE IS PASSED; SHOOTING FEARED

Continued from Page One.

By JOHN B. PRATT.

colonel's face lit up. "Yes, Henry fought in California and he fought in Colorado. I hear they're all fighting in Chicago."

Lets Off Steam.  
The former President found a chance to let off some of the fight talk to the eager multitudes when the train reached Elkhart, and it had all been fixed for the colonel to step back from his private car into the middle of the train to the observation and if a crowd showed up. Conveniently enough, some 1,500 were at the station and they yelled loudly for him. So the colonel got on the platform and began in war-like tones.

"We are in this fight to stay," "That's what we want," boomed a patriot.

"That's what you want," echoed Roosevelt.

"Well, each man can do only a little after all, and I'm doing what I can. I'm going to keep on at it, too."

"I'm fighting for the right of the people to rule, and I'm fighting the politicians who are trying to cheat you. I hope things will be fixed next time as the professional politicians won't be able to steal from you."

"Here in Indiana," the colonel proceeded, recollecting how the steam roller rattled over the middle of the road, "the politicians outrageously stole from you. If they'd given you direct primaries here I'd have come to Indiana and whipped the politicians two to one."

"Are Cheating the People?"

"Those politicians think they're cheating," cried Roosevelt, in a high squeak. "They're not. They're cheating you. Now I said when I was here before in the campaign that if the people were against me I'd have nothing to say, but that if the people were for me and the politicians tried to steal the victory I didn't intend to let them do it. I meant what I said, and I'm going to see that the bosses don't make away with it in Chicago."

A terrific yell greeted this, and Roosevelt, waving his hat at the crowd, exclaimed: "Yes, that's what I mean!"

The former President, with a sneer, observed that "the other side claims to be the regular Republican party."

"I recognize only one kind of regularity," he said, "and that's the people and not the bosses."

"Go to em," Teddy," roared a voice. "I'll do it!" thundered the colonel. "Just wait!"

At South Bend the throng pressed to the colonel's car, Roosevelt, on shaking his hand as he spoke, so his peppy talk was rather jerky.

Says He's a "Regular."</